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The Editor accepts no responsibility for statements made or opinions expressed by authors of articles or in speeches at meetings.

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NOTICE.—Those readers who find this number of the "Journal" rather "heavy going" should comfort themselves with the thought of the Special Summer Number which, it is hoped, will be in their hands in time for the beach on August Bank Holiday. It will contain more pages and more pictures, more fiction and more fun than ought to be expected of a middle-aged editor. Local correspondents may take a well-earned rest: there will be no Branch news.—ED.

THINKING ALOUD

NOWADAYS there *must* be people about who get their only physical exercise in going from one conference to another. The next age may say that ours was conference-mad, and the cynic already asks why the world doesn't seem to grow better for all this talk about it. Geneva and Genoa and Chequers, N.U.T. and Baby-Week and the I.C.F., "Copec" and "Swanwick," and every kind of Fellowship—what is the upshot of all their oratory when they get together? Are we becoming merely men of Athens, who "spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing"? If the new thing is all flap-doodle, then the cynic is right to shrug his shoulders, but if it is indeed the "good news" that men have discovered their need of one another and are making together new ways of understanding, even the cynic may see the world changing and mending before he gets into his grave. Toc H has certainly caught the conference-habit. Its conferences are not, for the most part, organised by benevolent bureaucrats at Headquarters looking for a pastime, but are a natural growth in branches and districts. The family delights to meet. It rebels against the chance of becoming parochial. It enjoys the unfolding discovery of a common mind among men so varied. It comes together to find out not only what other sections of Toc H are doing, but what Toc H is all about. It looks eagerly, in company, for the jobs ahead which are bigger than it yet knows. And so our conferences contain a grand mixture of the grave and gay which would shock men who knew each other less than we do. Every fresh conference is a bright idea put into practice; there is as yet no "book of the words" to say how it shall begin, continue and end. As time goes on Toc H will, no doubt, develop a *technique* (horrid word!) of conference-making, but if ever it loses the spring and freshness of this merry and useful game it will have grown middle-aged.

FELIX, as we all know, "keeps on walking *still*," but no one seems to have asked where he is walking *to*. Probably he doesn't know himself, and will presently just walk aimlessly out of the picture, as soon as the next song (now overdue) comes along. Toc H keeps on working—but is more and more inclined to ask itself what it is working *for*. It has never been content to think of itself as merely doing odd jobs, however useful, which some other society with a clearer purpose might come *along* and take over. A Toc H conference, therefore, is not just an "odd job," a pleasant interlude, or an end in itself. First of all it provides a summary of work attempted, and is the starting-point of more. But it is meant to do more than this. The last subject on the agenda at Bristol the other day (though the conference did not reach it) was "the need of producing *thinkers* in Toc H." And, indeed, there are many thinkers—though not enough—already busy among us. Their greatest concern, we believe, is to be certain about what Toc H *is*, even more than about what it *does*. The *first* speaker at Bristol and the last at Oxford reminded their hearers that the spirit is to be the greatest thing in Toc H, greater than the jobs of service—for they must come out of it. Being is even more important and more difficult than doing.

To some members this will sound rather vague and "high-brow." These will be the faithful, "practical" men without whom Everyman's Club cannot accomplish its joyful job of service. But alongside them there must be (and there are) others who are working out a sort of philosophy of Toc H. These will be men of all kinds of schooling and experience, contributing their ideas to the great Idea of what Toc H is and was born to become. Now, the three conferences which are reported in this number of the JOURNAL serve to illustrate how practice and theory go hand in hand. At Leicester a series of speakers gave first-hand evidence, in detail, on the ways and means by which Toc H may be spread into great new fields; the Sunday session was simply full of practical hints "for necessary action." At Bristol and at Oxford most of the emphasis was upon the underlying faith and hope and love which the family life of Toc H sought to interpret to its generation. At Leicester, Bristol and Oxford, Toc H itself and its friends were caught thinking aloud. The habit is good enough to be the excuse, we *trust*, for the rather full reports which follow. A mere paragraph with a list of speakers and subjects would be as dead as an old-fashioned school history-book. It is the living thought and word which count—though they can't be wholly written down.

The conference-habit in Toc H is, as we have seen, spontaneous, and it has come to stay and to increase. Exactly how it will develop it is too early to say. But it has already started—so most of us feel—on the right road. The branch and the group and the isolated member have their own life and job, but they are acquiring a larger kind of "local patriotism" as well—their conscious relation to one another in a definite district. The *first* three of the conferences which met in 1924 called themselves, not Sheffield, Leicester and Bristol, but the "Northern," "East Midland" and "Western" Conferences, and the conference at Oxford touched, in a sense, more than all England. Possibly a further step will

be a central summer conference attended by delegates from all districts. Whether this will be, and when, we need not at the moment inquire. For, like all advance in Toc H—like Toc H itself, the Old House and the family of to-day in all its branches—it will happen when members need it and feel that they are led to bring it about.

I. THE EAST MIDLAND CONFERENCE: LEICESTER

IT was a really representative crowd which assembled for tea at Leicester on Saturday, May 31. Two delegates each had been appointed from Derby, Grantham, Leicester, Lincoln, Loughborough, Northampton, Nottingham and Sleaford, and one from Rugby; representatives “imploded” from Bardon Hill, Birmingham, Mansfield, Market Harborough and Melton Mowbray, and Headquarters was present in the persons of Peter Monie and Harry Ellison. No less than three dozen people managed to sleep at Mark XI. The first session, from tea to supper, was devoted to more or less solid and solemn items. It opened with prayers and with the Lighting of the Lamp by Sawbones. There followed discussions on three subjects:—(1) The duty and methods of Toc H towards the *unemployed* and “down-and-outs.” “ROBEY” (Mansfield) opened, and it was generally agreed that, while our job was to bring such men into the family life of Toc H in some way, we ought not to attempt any big organisation of our own, but rather to agitate in the proper quarters, and to assist other organisations—*e.g.*, the I.C.F. (2) A discussion on the *L.W.H.* was opened by A. H. RICE (Northampton). The feeling of the Conference was that the *L.W.H.* essentially exists to help Toc H, but that this help should go beyond the mere mending of members’ socks to a real co-operation in some sides of Toc H work, *e.g.*, the visiting of fatherless boys and girls, which could better be done by women than by men. (3) A proposal, brought forward by Northampton, for *a fund to pay lay-workers*, was debated, after which the General Secretary, taking the Charter as his text, spoke on the true ideals of Toc H. The Conference then dissolved into the supper-room, and afterwards into the gayest sing-song, which melted any fragment of ice which might have existed in the shyest member. The day ended with family prayers, taken by HARRY ELLISON.

Sunday morning began with a celebration of Holy Communion in the Murray-Smith Room for Anglican members; SAWBONES was the celebrant, assisted by GILBERT WILLIAMS (Sheffield); CROCKER (Northampton) read the Epistle, and “ROBEY” (Mansfield) the Gospel.

TOC H IN COUNTRY PLACES.

I. THE WEST KENT SCHEME.

At 10.30 the second session began, with MONIE in the chair. He first called upon McDougall-Porter (“First Countrymen’s Group,” West Kent) to give evidence on the special difficulties and methods of Toc H in a country district.

"I am convinced," began the speaker, "that Toc H is just as much needed in the country as in towns, but the difficulties of organising it are greater. How did we start in West Kent? Lunt, a farmer, collected about fifty of us one bleak November afternoon last year in his barn. It was a setting none of us will forget; the barn was draped with flags, and two old buckets, made into braziers and slung from the roof, provided the only means of keeping warm. Tubby came along and talked—obviously with Toc H as hitherto run in towns in his mind. 'Fortnightly meetings, of course,' he said, and we told him that this was absolutely out of the question for many of us coming a dozen miles to a meeting. Even once a month might prove too difficult. 'Well, what's wrong with evening meetings?' he asked—to which our answer was that the 'buses in the district stop running at 6 p.m., and that many of us have to be at work on the land at 4 a.m. Finally we decided on a *quarterly rally*. Up to now we have had two of these, one in Lunt's barn at Platt, and one in a granary over a cart-shed at Ridley.

"Our scheme is to form a Toc H country club, covering a circle with a diameter of about 20-30 miles, but excluding the towns in the area (*e.g.*, Maidstone, Tonbridge, Dartford and Gravesend). In each village we are trying to collect a few men, one of whom acts as jobmaster, to constitute a '*wing*' of our group. We have had a little recruiting meeting in one of our villages, to which the Vicar helped to bring a dozen men together: with these we hope to start a wing. The different wings will work independently, and will all assemble at the quarterly rally to report what they are doing. It is on these lines that we want to increase. In Platt we have already got our scouts going, and hope to throw them together with scouts from other villages under one scoutmaster, who is the right man for the job. They meet in a field every Saturday afternoon.

"Many townsmen cannot realise our difficulties in the villages. The *first* is to persuade people to join Toc H at all. Even in my own village, which happens to be rather enterprising, we find it hard to carry on, and sometimes ask ourselves whether it is worth while. I think one of the main obstacles is the wages question. Farmers, for the most part, are simply living on their capital at present and can't afford to pay their labourers (who are the majority of our members) more than 27s. a week. This sounds a very small amount to a townsman, and when a man has a wife and children to keep it is little enough. The half-crown subscription to Toc H does not sound a great deal, but there are other organisations to be considered, *e.g.*, the British Legion, to which a man pays 2s. 6d. and which he ought not to give up. Then there are men's clubs, for instance, and half-a-crown here and there do not leave a man much out of his money.

"At the moment, I am afraid, we are not doing so well as we should; some villages have not yet got their jobmaster. This year we are holding a fair, and are going to bring in the Toc H members from other villages to help; we shall try to equal *last* year, when £150 was raised in one day."

II. THE EXPERIENCE OF KENSWORTH.

In a speech which kept the Conference bubbling with laughter, BILLY ANDREWS, Jobmaster of the Kensworth Group, outlined the way Toc H works in his village.

"I am jolly glad," he began, "that you here have made me feel so much a member of the Great Brotherhood; otherwise I should hardly dare to tell you how Toc H started 'round our way.' A friend and I are interested in a little chapel in our village, and every year we go fishing for money to carry it on. Now, we had a great friend in a colonel who lived in the place; he had been in the habit of giving us £1 a year for the chapel. When he went away

his house was taken by Mr. Basil Levett, who, when we approached him, said he would give us £1 only on condition that we helped him to start a Toc H group in Kensworth. So a dozen of us assembled at his house, heard the 'doctrine' propounded, and then, a little later, collected a meeting of seventy people. We got thirty-five applications for membership that night, and I was made jobmaster, though I didn't want the job. After three months of it I *did* want it.

"Knowing almost everyone in the village personally, I found ways in which we could carry out the Toc H spirit by helping them. First there was the churchyard that wanted tidying up. We got the Vicar's leave, and the group met there on a Saturday afternoon with tools. When the noise of our hoes among the weeds on the gravel seemed to disturb the Vicar in preparing his sermon, we dropped them and carried on with our fingers. There was the chapel-yard to be done, too. Then there are about thirty old-age pensioners in the village whom we help by doing odd jobs for them—chopping sticks, clearing the place up a bit, or fetching their pensions when they can't walk so far. And then there are the kiddies: we put swings up for them on the recreation ground, and a shelter. We found a member who had some timber and we got a blacksmith to give his labour. Work goes on without blowing of trumpets, but it *is* being done. Before Toc H came we thought a band of 27 performers and a men's club was enough for one small village; when Toc H did come we found it was just the thing we were looking for. We felt that we must go forward and do our best to brighten our own village life—and then we went on to another village, gave a concert, and propagated the Toc H ideal. We felt we were trying to follow the example of the Master, who went about doing good."

ELLISON (Headquarters), called upon by the Chairman, began by expressing his gratitude to those responsible for putting the question of Toc H in the country on the agenda.

"From what I have seen," he said, "in West Kent and at Kensworth, and from talks I have had with Theo Lunt and Basil Levett, I should say that the most distinctive contribution Toc H may make in the future to the life of the nation may be in the villages. For in the villages now men are finding that the old order is passing away, the condition in which Squire and Parson ruled the roost, whether for good or ill; and I think it is for the best that it should pass. Now, with the spread of education to the countryside, we see an enlarged area of life, in which the countryman is helped to realise his potentialities and is given power to lead as in old days he did not want to do. It looks as if Toc H is about the only body which is capable of meeting the needs of the future in country districts by bringing every man of good will into a common unit working for the good of the place in which he lives. It is here that Toc H, if rightly handled, has one of its biggest opportunities.

"It seems to me that you want a combination of the two methods which have been outlined by West Kent and Kensworth. I should like to see whole areas, each having its club and its 'quarterly rally,' at which you could get all the best minds of the area together to discuss its problems. At the same time you must have a really strong individual 'wing' in each village. Toc H means both comradeship and service: service you are getting, but comradeship you can't get unless there is a wing in each village. In the early stages of getting Toc H going in a village you can afford to take risks which you can't wisely take in towns, for you have better chances of knowing your men and which are the decent fellows."

WAYS AND MEANS OF EXTENSION.

The Chairman then declared the subject open for discussion, and suggested that the Conference should consider practical ways and means of tackling the

country problem in the East Midlands. TED GOODACRE (Lincoln) thought that our members at Grantham, Lincoln and Sleaford were capable of carrying the Toc H gospel out to the villages in the same way as the Workers' Educational Association had done in Lincolnshire. What was needed was two or three assured people in a village in order to repeat the experience of Lincoln itself, which was "colonised" by Sleaford members, who came over and addressed four men on a Sunday afternoon. Headquarters should provide any names they had. J. MILNER (Lincoln) added that in Lincolnshire, the second largest county in England, Toc H was as yet only active in the southern part; Grimsby, for instance, their largest town, was untouched. The Chairman indicated this as a job for the Hull Padre, when he was available. W. D. HAYSTAFF ("Guv'nor," Sleaford), promised that his branch would make a great effort to start Toc H in the villages. DIXIE SMITH (Leicester) said that they had tried men's clubs and all kinds of things, but work in villages was apt to start with a swing and then fall off. There was already a little coterie in Narborough, Cosby and Enderby, but members *must* come along and back it up. "PERKY" (Leicester) mentioned what they had done "in an unofficial way" at Loughborough. He spoke of the difficulties of this country work, the difficulty of getting to a place and coming home again, the need of someone who can speak and someone who can sing, and of a chairman who can answer questions. "DOWSEY" (Leicester) thought the real trouble was to find a meeting place, and suggested closer touch with the men's clubs in villages. HOLLAND (Loughborough) thought clubs could be started in several outlying villages where men were already keen. J. T. LANGLEY (Market Harborough) was of the opinion that "for a start you want to get a pivotal man in each village, preferably an old Scout." An inaugural meeting without this merely fizzled out. R. C. FANTHORPE ("Fanny," Nottingham) described how they had started Toc H among the blind at Nottingham, and thought they were now ready to extend their job still further. The CHAIRMAN, commenting on the two last speeches, said "I am certain that we get a pivotal man in each case, a member always coming into touch with the men who come up for examination, for instance, who can sort out the best, as Gateshead Branch has done. The result there is that there are now nearly a dozen clubs in the mining villages which are loosely attached to Gateshead Toc H, and will presently split off on their own." He then called on ELLISON to speak on the "*Flying Squads*" of London branches.

"We have been working," said Ellison, "on two principles. First, to get a list of members living in the area which we want to attack, and secondly, to find the right pivotal man. We began by looking at the map of London and putting our finger on a particular area not yet covered by Toc H; then we decided on 'the strategic spot' to be attacked in that area. Next, we got together a 'Flying Squad' from each House and put one of these in charge of each area, providing it with a list of members already there. The instructions were not only to look up each of the existing members but to get hold of all sorts of suitable people who know nothing as yet of Toc H. It has been amazing to see how such people have realised that Toc H is different from all other things and able to give them what they want."

After an amusing discussion on vicars, how some are helpful, and some quite

the reverse, Sawbones wound up the Conference with thanks to delegates for coming, and to Peter Monie, whose chairmanship had done so much for them all.

At 12.15 a service was held for all. Billy Williams gave the address, and "Robey" read the lesson. The hymns were those made familiar by the Birthday Thanksgiving—"Ye watchers and ye holy ones," Bunyan's "Pilgrim Hymn," and Blake's "Jerusalem."

II. THE WESTERN CONFERENCE: BRISTOL

On Saturday, June 14, while England was busy beating the South Africans at another place, the West of England was dealing faithfully with South Wales on a beautiful high-lying pitch at Knowle, above the City of Bristol. Cardiff turned up five men short, and had to play such amateur Welshmen as the Swindon secretary, the late Cheltenham jobmaster, and Barkis. On the English side the Church was specially dangerous. Henry Hawkins, taking 100 yards run, put down a series of terrific full-pitches, and Jack Stancomb (of Bristol Cathedral) was gaily hitting sixes into a hayfield when stumps were drawn. Result: S. Wales 63, W. of England 112. It was a merry opening to a good conference. After supper at Mark IX the delegates from Bristol, Bath, Cheltenham, Exeter, Taunton, Swindon, Cardiff, Maesteg and Southampton moved round the corner to St. Paul's Lecture Room and got down to business. Proceedings began with the full-throated singing of "O valiant hearts," and the lighting of the Lamp by the Chairman, Col. G. M. ORR. There were many greetings from other branches to be read, and then ARTHUR BURROUGHS, Dean of Bristol, spoke at length on "Toc H in War and in Peace."

LEADERSHIP AND RESPONSIBILITY.

It was a characteristically clear and thoughtful utterance to which brief extracts cannot do justice. The DEAN, although a member, spoke as an outsider watching Toc H with friendly but critical eyes.

"An unbiased observer would say that Toc H is still at the stage which individuals count for more than the institution. In the young days of such a Movement personalities count 100 per cent. The future of Toc H depends almost entirely on producing a very high percentage of leaders throughout the country; everything at this stage depends on multiplied leadership and not on multiplied Houses. . . . What we got in the War was a good store of raw material of elemental, vital, human experience, which threw such a light on all that had gone before, that those who saw it felt convinced that there was nothing now to do but to aim at a completely new social order. But what we are not so quick to realise is that before the raw material can be turned into the finished product of a new social order, it has to pass through the stage of convictions lodged in individual minds, and be so strong as to force those individuals to stand up to the old order and, if need be, split with it. We have not yet got from the experience to the new social order, which, if it comes, will be the only justification of the War's sacrifice. . . . The seed of idealism has got a lodgment in the hearts of people, but idealism in itself is not enough to set things going.

"Religion is needed more than ever, and those who are most open to the spell of the re-discovered ideals, the younger generation, are those least willing to fall into line with what has hitherto been regarded as religion, and least willing to do the sort of things which come

under the head of 'going to Church.' So the fruits of the flowering-time of the spirit are being lost.

"All the features of a great age are present to-day—the difficulties, the thrills, the ups and downs, and history will certainly speak of these days as days of crisis, probably even more than the War itself. There is an intense demand for individual self-expression, but great unwillingness to assume personal responsibility since the War (hear, hear). That means that we are getting the worst features of socialism and individualism combined. Those who are anxiously looking for signs of the spiritual weather cannot help taking deep and critical interest in the development of Toc H. What Toc H is essentially aiming at is to provide a swarming place for new hives of worker-bees of a younger generation and of a rather different type from that to which we have grown accustomed in the past in what is ordinarily called 'Church Work.'

FOUR POSSIBLE DANGERS IN TOC H.

"There are four notes in Toc H which are full of hope, but have also a danger lurking in each. First, Toc H lays itself out as hard as it can to be *unconventional*—almost to the point of being bizarre (laughter). There is such a thing as making a convention of unconventionality, as setting out to produce a series of organised oddities—and that would be a real danger. Secondly, Toc H is essentially *corporate*; the unit is the branch and the spirit of fellowship is the thing emphasised. There may always be a danger of the group spirit stimulating antagonisms and rivalries instead of wider human brotherhood, of Toc H becoming a sort of Church in itself or a substitute for the wider fellowship of the Church to which it really aspires to introduce men. You must be ready to face away from each other, outwards to the biggest fellowship. Thirdly, Toc H goes straight for *service* as the only true expression of faith. There is a danger lest actual 'jobs' of service may become a substitute for the spirit of service which is a greater thing. The finest service Toc H can render to our generation is to spread the spirit for which it stands, even more than by doing the particular jobs which may be taken up to illustrate that spirit. Something greater than actual concrete bits of work must be part of the Toc H programme; there must be spirituality behind it. Fourthly, Toc H does not shrink from striking the note of *emotion*. The Lamp of Maintenance stands as the symbol of a deep emotion, but the time may come when its meaning is not understood by a generation which did not experience the War. A living symbol must be capable of ever new meanings; as soon as you come to the end of its significance it is not only dead but a positive danger. The one thing men got from the War was a vision. At first it was a multitude of crosses, but they focus together into one *Cross*—the centre of the vision. To make that vision concrete men had to die, and to make it permanent we have to live."

There was plenty of food for discussion in such an opening speech, and it is impossible to summarise all that was said. Tubby suggested an all-night sitting, and Canon Haigh, our dear old host, offered us his room "for the rest of our natural lives." However, the closure was moved, and the house adjourned towards midnight, and skipped home to bed to the strains of *Rogamus*.

At 9 a.m. on Sunday the tiny upper Room at Mark IX was packed with Anglican members of the Conference, kneeling or standing. Tubby celebrated, helped by Henry Hawkins. Simultaneously, Nonconformist members held a service at Tyndale Baptist Chapel, at which Padres Mander and Rice officiated.

THE PROBLEM OF MIGRATION.

After breakfast at Mark IX the Conference members again met in St. Paul's

Room. GENERAL THOMAS (Cheltenham) led off by reading a short paper, all to the point, which determined the line of the whole morning's discussion.

"For some considerable time," he said, "we have realised that the subject of boy migration is one which comes within the scope of Toc H, and we have been trying at Cheltenham to organise a scheme for bringing the advantages of it home to those boys who seem to have little prospect of regular employment in our overcrowded cities to-day. The general objects of our scheme are :—

"(1) To help boys who wish to migrate with advice and information.

"(2) To try and get into touch with people in their new country who will help and befriend them.

"(3) To keep in touch with them, and provide a tie with their homes.

"(4) To advocate migration to those boys who seem suited to an open-air life in the Dominions, but who have little prospects of advancement at home.

"(5) To try and get the parents to realise the advantages offered to their boys in the Dominions.

"The scheme is an ambitious one, and it was obvious from the start that a branch by itself could do little. Moreover, that little was in some ways duplicating work that is already being done by the Labour Bureau and the Education authorities in the town. Further enquiries revealed a very real need for an organisation to undertake the moral welfare of boys who leave their homes, not necessarily to go overseas but to the big industrial towns of our own land. Besides these there are many who come to us from other towns and who often arrive friendless and in need of help.

"We hope soon to have a system devised by which we shall know all boys when they leave their schools. A considerable number of these will come from good homes and will have employment assured them; these will not be in any need of help from Toc H. The others may be divided into three classes, viz., those who wish to go overseas, those who are leaving home, and those staying at home but with no employment.

"We propose to try and help these boys by forming sections of three or four boys in each, putting each section in charge of a member of Toc H who will befriend them and try to establish friendly relations with their parents. It is hoped that these small sections coming under the direct influence of a member of Toc H will absorb Toc H ideas, and realise that wherever Toc H has a branch they have friends who will understand them.

"It is not intended to take boys away from any organisation to which they may already belong; our object is to work with these organisations and help them to make their ties with their boys stronger. We would like to see this system extended throughout Toc H, so that when boys leave Cheltenham for other towns, either at home or in the Dominions, where branches exist, they may be in touch with Toc H all the time.

"Finally, it is a question whether we should have a junior organisation of Toc H to admit boys. It would strengthen our influence if they wore some distinctive badge that gave them fellowship with us."

This paper set the ball rolling at once. In the lively discussion which followed, much was said about the unpopularity of emigration to the Dominions as being a "class" movement, an attempt to shed "unwanted" people, and the Conference agreed that Toc H should do all in its power to break down the prejudice of parents and boys on the subject—provided always that the first consideration was the benefit of the individual boy, even before that of his parents, this country or the Empire. One suggestion made was that some Toc

H members should volunteer to go out themselves, at whatever personal sacrifice, with boys, so as to give not a *push*, but a *lead*, in emigration. With regard to migration of boys at home, some members of the Conference felt that the liaison between branches in passing boys or members to one another was very imperfect, and that Toc H as a whole was taking too lightly the responsibility (laid down in the Four Points of the Compass) "for the welcome and well-being of those commended to our friendship."

Various resolutions were framed, but not put to the Meeting, as the subject opened up was felt to be too vital for vague, general resolutions. It was decided that the attention of the whole of Toc H should be directed to it through the medium of the JOURNAL, and the editor undertook to have it dealt with. TUBBY wound up the morning session with a moving address on the deeper meaning of Toc H.

MAKING CONTACTS.

At the afternoon session, TUBBY cross-questioned members in turn as to their job and the men in it as possible Toc H recruits. This proved so fruitful a method of discussion that we only got through a bank clerk, a tanner and a printer by tea-time! The bank-clerk's lack of interest, the roughness of the tan-yard, and the suspicion of the skilled printer if his boss tried to "get at" him about Toc H—these were the problems to be met and overcome.

In the evening TUBBY preached (for 45 minutes) about Toc H to a large crowd at St. Saviour's, Redland. A couple of rows of rough lads at the back in black and amber ties sang louder and less skilfully than the rest of the congregation!

III. THE OXFORD CONFERENCE

The programme at Oxford on June 21-22 allowed less time for actual conference than was the case at Bristol, but the special circumstances of the Oxford Branch itself made it well worth while. The visiting members came from Cheltenham, Leicester, Nottingham, Reading, Southampton, Taunton, and—by a pleasant freak of geography—Middlesbrough. But the membership of the Oxford Branch in itself covers far more ground * than its visitors, and this representative character (which it shares with Cambridge) gives it a very peculiar

* The list of places represented by members of the Oxford Branch at the time of the Conference is interesting enough to be printed here, viz:—*Northumberland*: Newcastle (2); *Durham*: S. Shields (2); *Cumberland*: Kendal; *Lancs*: Blackburn, Blackpool, Eccles, Liverpool (5), Manchester; *Yorks*: Halifax, Leeds (2), Long Preston, Rotherham, Sheffield, Skipton, Thirsk, Whitby; *Lincs*: Louth, Wainfleet; *Cheshire*: Altrincham (2), Birkenhead, Chester, Hoylake, Northwich (2); *Salop*: Market Drayton, Much Wenlock (2), Shrewsbury; *Staffs*: Longton; *Leicester*: Leicester (5), Hinckley; *Rutland*: Oakham; *Worcester*: Bromsgrove, Malvern; *Warwick*: Birmingham (3), Leamington; *Northants*: Northampton, Dallington, Kettering, Towcester; *Cambs*: Cambridge (2); *Norfolk*: Swaffham, Walsingham (2); *Suffolk*: Bury St. Edmunds, Felixstowe; *Essex*: Romford, Woodford; *Glos*: Bristol (5), Cheltenham, Gloucester (2), Thornbury; *Oxford*: Abingdon, Banbury, Bicester, Burford, Oxford (50), Wallington; *Berks*: Maidenhead, Steventon, Wallingford, Windsor, Yattendon; *Bucks*: Amersham, Princes Risboro'; *Herts*: Harpenden (3), Hoddesdon, Welwyn, Watford; *Middlesex and London* (40); *Kent*: Canterbury, Maidstone, Rochester, Sidcup, Tunbridge Wells (2); *Surrey*: Banstead, Camberley, Kingston, Mitcham, Norbury, Surbiton, Thornton Heath, Weybridge, Wimbledon (4); *Sussex*: Balcombe, Brighton, Drayton, Fittleworth, Horsham, Hove, Seaford; *Hants*: Bournemouth, Lymington, Portsmouth, Twyford; *Wilts*: Salisbury, Swindon (2); *Somerset*: Martock; *Devon*: Bideford, Thorverton; *Monmouth*: Ross-on-Wye.

Wales: Abergele, Brecon, Cardigan, Carmarthen, Penmaenmawr, Ruabon. *Scotland*: Edinburgh (2), Paisley. *Isle of Man*. *Ireland*: Belfast. *Channel Islands* (2). *S. Africa*. *Australia*: S. Australia, Queensland. *West Indies*: Jamaica.

place in Toc H. A small proportion of the members (about 50) of the Branch can be reckoned as citizens of Oxford, the rest—as Tubby said to the men of St. Aldate's Bible-class on Sunday afternoon—are "temporary inhabitants of the ancient ruins round about." So the Oxford and Cambridge branches—as far as their 'Varsity members go—are not so much actual as *potential* sources of strength to Toc H; it isn't what their members are to-day, but always what they may be to-morrow that matters most. Oxford is the most majestic greenhouse ever devised by man, and every College just an ancient box in which a mixed selection of nobbly seeds is planted; three or four years close tending (including every sort of artificial manure) sees them spring up into an astonishing variety of plants, ready to be "bedded out" all over the mazy garden of the Empire. So, however interesting and exciting the greenhouse, you mustn't expect anything but immature flowers and occasional fruits for Toc H until the plants get well away and rooted in the open air and rougher soil of the other branches. This is the process which goes on, not only through generations, but through centuries, and the chief moment for this transplanting of men is at the end of the summer term, on the last day of which the Conference assembled. It was, therefore, the happiest inspiration which set the MASTER OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE on his feet to deliver a sort of "charge to youth setting out on a life's adventure." For SIR MICHAEL SADLER, as we saw him standing among us, *was*—for all his white hairs—the heart of youth combined with the eyes of experience. As the late Vice-Chancellor of Leeds, he knows youth in a modern university and the problems of young men in an industrial city; as a keen observer of Indian affairs, he is strongly alive to the biggest "job o' work" belonging to every generation of youth in our imperial race; and he is a notable collector of the most modern pictures, because he loves to know what youth, with the artist's intense striving of the spirit, is trying to say. In an hour he had given us a whole philosophy of living, spoken so eagerly that again and again he was led into some fascinating digression from the main theme—and yet without losing the deep note in the end. It was extremely hard to debate the subject when he sat down, and it is still harder to convey his speech—or speeches—in a report. Here is but the gist of it—and that in a graceless paraphrase.

THE NEW GENERATION.

"I have come here," he said, "to ask your help. Stanley Hall, an American, who wrote a remarkable book on 'Adolescence,' now wants to write on 'the change in the outlook of young people since the War.' He has collected information from all countries—except England, which never answers his letters. He has written to me, but I find it hard to say what I think in a few inches of space on a questionnaire. What I have done is to ask Mr. Basil Blackwell (the Oxford bookseller) to make me a list of all the recent poetry written by young men and women; and then a selection of the good stories and essays by young people. And I am making him a list of our young painters and saying what I think they are driving at. And I'm asking those who know to tell me about the young musicians. For it is in the way the younger people *express* themselves that you can know what they are.

"What do the characteristics of young men since the War seem to be? Perhaps I am no fair judge, for I have had a peculiarly favourable and happy experience of them. I find their

traditions likely to be, if anything, better than they were before. But don't let's ever make the stupid mistake of despising the generation which went before us: it was simple, straightforward, honest and adventurous at its best. The *Morning Post* and such papers used to bewail our decadence—the War came, and they don't do it any more. The English race is still extraordinarily brave and patient. I need say no more about that. But what are the special characteristics of this new generation? First, I think, they want us older people to be absolutely *straight* with them—not hypocritical (e.g., the schoolmaster of my school-days who pretended to us that he didn't smoke, who smoked not in his study but up in the nursery at the back—and we could smell it!). And then young people of to-day like candour in their elders, a *fairmindedness* towards people who hold other views. They have a respect for people who face things, for reality. Then, there is a great desire for *adventures*—both for reading of them in books and for trying them out. Lastly, there is a very real quest for *religion*. College chapels are very indifferently attended—but men are not irreligious. What they feel is that the Church hasn't been straight with them. It is very hard for the clergy to talk about things boldly, for they have to deal with a great variety of minds and convictions. But older laymen are to be blamed for their silence about vital things; it isn't that they don't care, but they have the Englishman's desire to avoid a row over things that matter. Young men perceive that our political thought and practice—especially towards dependent races—doesn't square with what we say in church or even in our own prayers. And so young men have grown detached from causes which they are specially fit to serve and which they know, in their heart of hearts, they can't do without.”

TRUE EDUCATION.

Sir Michael Sadler was then drawn away, by a provocative letter he had received that morning from a Canadian doctor, to make a vigorous and amusing contrast between the Englishman and the Scotsman. His correspondent claimed that Scotsmen had led and made England, and attacked the Englishman in Canada as ignorant, lazy and impractical. Sir Michael had replied by challenging him to draw up an XI of the greatest Englishmen (Shakespeare, Darwin, &c., as well as men of action) and an XI of the best Scotsmen—“and your *fifth* best XI of Englishmen can stand up to your Scottish first XI!” The problems of Canada were tiny compared to the English—or rather the British—problem. It was the greatest complexity in history with which we had to deal every day—feeling our way through the fog, steering the Empire, a continual feat of great seamanship. He went on to contrast Scottish and English education. “We are still suffering from the tragic failure of our fathers in the '60's and '70's to provide widely the secondary education which was then asked for and needed. In Scotland education is a family tradition: it springs in the homes of the people, high and low. Contrast this with the need that still exists in England to help boys to find their ideals of education. You in Toc H—and all of us—are continually spending our energies on this task that ought to be done in people's homes—doing ‘life-boat work’ for these boys, so that we haven't time for real thinking. We have to give too much of our lives to philanthropic ‘chores.’ We are all at the pumps. Remember that the great new ideals and schemes of education, which are to cost hundreds of millions of pounds, are only a scaffolding. True education depends above all on the simple human touch, which is the saving grace of Toc H. The spirit of it has to permeate into small and big homes. It has to cover not only the things usually called educational but the artistic side of men: you must create beautiful things as well as beautiful lives—lives all refulgent with some flame of belief. It means social unity.

THE GREAT GAME.

“With all the great qualities in the young people of to-day, is there a sign of their putting

their whole minds into the things by which England is strong? Are they prepared to serve God and the country both with their minds and with their hearts? Or is the game up? It depends on whether you can rise to your responsibility.

"Things are changing and we have advanced. Think of the time when England was pitted with small communities like a face with small-pox: we have improved on that situation already. But England waits to be united, to be *integrated*. It is a tragic thing that it is necessary to work for this end, it is a tragic waste of energy, for it ought to have been done long ago. It is the Toc H job to help integrate England. And don't think that the job is roses, roses all the way. People who really serve England break their hearts—and England must not be expected to understand. No man who has served England to the uttermost in all her history but has broken his heart in that service."

IDEALS PLUS DISCIPLINE.

Those few who were bold enough to speak when the Master of University sat down were determined to draw him further, if possible. HODGSON, speaking as an Oxford don, said that his generation had claimed to *think* freely, to break away from what seemed the conventional ideas of their fathers. And their fathers had not been very sympathetic about this revolt. The present generation were, it seemed to him, claiming freedom of *action*—and middle-age must be ready to sympathise. Toc H has certain ideals of brotherhood, and is eager to act upon them. Indeed, members must act, and must be ready to down prejudices of the past generation which stand in the way. But Toc H must not act blindly, must seriously think out what is the ideal in accordance with which we are training ourselves. WALLY SMITH, speaking both as one who had known industry from inside and as an undergraduate about to go back into the world of work, asked how an elementary or secondary schoolboy was to serve England as an ideal in his daily job in industry. He is gripped by such causes as Socialism or Communism, but he has no ultimate ideal of service. He has all the Englishman's love of reality, adventure and the quest for religion, but industry, as it is now organised, gives him no field for these. COURTNEY GARDNER (Cheltenham) then had a sparring match with Wally on the subject of ideals in elementary school and public school boys. MARTIN (Oxford City) spoke at first-hand of his difficulties at the works, the system which sets a young workman to make one nut all his life, and never allows him to understand the whole machine of which it is a part. He does not know what is the whole aim of his labour and so he can have little pride in it, and no ideal of service in connection with it. SIR MICHAEL SADLER then replied. Taking up Hodgson's point, he said that a great painter doesn't produce a masterpiece by a theory. He has to paint with his whole nature, and in the rare moment when every power in him is in harmony with the world he sees, a masterpiece is born. At the same time, genius is not merely intuition, but needs the very hardest discipline, study, knowledge, to do perfect work. So we in Toc H must live the life, not merely have a theory. And it must be a great life plus great discipline. In answer to Wally and Martin, he said that one of the greatest tasks of Toc H was to humanise industry wherever it touched it. He pictured the city man's club at Leeds, with rows of cars parked outside, the cars which were to take the members miles out into the

country to their homes when the day's work was done. "But you," he said, "must live near your shops and your men. You must keep the family touch in business. And Leeds, apart from the avoidable smoke, is a beautiful place—to be lived in." Government servants, as individuals, were decent, human men; it was the machine of a big Government office which had become inhuman.

WHAT IS TOC H?

On Sunday morning a great many members of the Conference gathered at the family Table in St. Aldate's Church. Chavasse, Padre of the Oxford Branch, celebrated, assisted by Tubby and Sawbones. Then followed breakfast in St. Aldate's Parish Room, which is Headquarters of the Branch. Supper and breakfast there were the fine first-fruits of the work of Oxford L.W.H., a new branch only started on the day before the Conference at an excellent mixed meeting of local ladies and "undergraduettes," who were addressed by Chavasse, Barkis, Miss Macfie, and "Clarkie," the Oxford Toc H Secretary.

As soon as the tables were cleared, PETER MONIE sat in the semicircle of members, and talked quietly, simply and incisively about Toc H.

He began by quoting the considered judgment of thoughtful outsiders. One, from the C. of E., who had looked at Toc H carefully and critically, had written that he had now come to see that its potentialities for good were simply incalculable. The other was the decision of the Church of Scotland. A distinguished member of the Assembly, addressing it in Edinburgh in May on another subject, had said: "When I am asked to take up a new thing I always ask myself two questions—is it desirable and is it practicable? If the answer to either question is in the negative, I don't take it up." The Assembly had applied these two tests to Toc H before they decided to "take it up." And after all," Peter went on, "what is Toc H? The minimum statement of its aim is to be found in the preamble to the Royal Charter—it was formed *"with the object of continuing in times of peace the work initiated at Talbot House, Poperinghe, in the Kingdom of Belgium, amid the dangers of the Great War, and of adjusting the methods there employed to the conditions of civil life, and in particular . . ." etc., etc.* Our membership has felt that this is not enough, and so it has restated this aim in the preamble to the "Main Resolution"—"*Remembering with gratitude how God used the Old House to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities, and to send them forth strengthened to fight at all costs for the setting up of His Kingdom on earth. . .*" So the House was God's House, and Toc H is to be God's "show": if it isn't to be that, it is nothing worth keeping.

Now one or two points about Toc H: (1) What is to be our general attitude to religion? Some people are saying that Toc H is too "pi," and that for this cause it is losing just the full-blooded men that we most want. The truth is that fellowship and service for their own sakes are not enough. We are bound to seek for a clear vision of God and to do our service for Him. Dean Burroughs, at the Bristol Conference, rightly said that the greatest contribution of Toc H is not so much its jobs of service as the spirituality behind them.

(2) Toc H is *Everyman's Club*. It must be kept Christian at its very heart, but its doors must be kept open wide for those who as yet can't see and believe and go all the way, but who sincerely desire to learn and to play the game. At its centre Toc H must produce the sort of thing of which a friend wrote to me eight years ago. "*I want,*" he wrote, "*to see a new generation of Ironsides, who, having seen and known God, will go through fire and water, and will stick at nothing in His service and for His sake.*"

(3) About *differences of denomination*, of belief and practice, between us. We must never pretend in Toc H that they don't matter. We must respect other members' views, whether Calvinist or Catholic, but we must hold fast to our own conviction. Our job in this matter is three-fold, to try to see that we go the right way ourselves, to be really tolerant of other brethren, and not to be content to take our religion second-hand.

(4) Concerning *service*. What is the mainspring of our service? It is not, as some in the past have supposed social service to be, just done to keep youngsters out of mischief. Nor is it a form of "dope." The whole principle of it is to be found in the two Great Commandments—to love God, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. We must base it all on nothing less, and be clear about our motive. But there is more than that. Pryor Grant,* in his paper on Toc H, is clear that it does arouse the imagination and the will; to sustain them and to make the work effective are needed knowledge, hard thinking and hard praying. When we set ourselves to thinking about our service, let us keep before us two quotations. One is from Grant's paper:—"Along with training in social work must go training in the knowledge of God and the ways of companionship with Him. The experience and testimony of Christians who have made and fortified the roads to God cannot be disregarded in the leaders of Toc H Groups. If educational standards be required, rules of the spiritual life cannot be treated as of no account." And the second quotation is from a paper published by a very wonderful mission in India. It speaks of "*the busy hands of Martha, anxious indeed, to serve, but omitting first to make sure what the Master really desires. God does, indeed, bless all faithful service. But if the coming of His kingdom seems to tarry, may it not be because we try so many ways of our own, instead of using the utmost endeavour possible to learn in prayer, not only generally but in detail, the way of His will?*" †

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION.

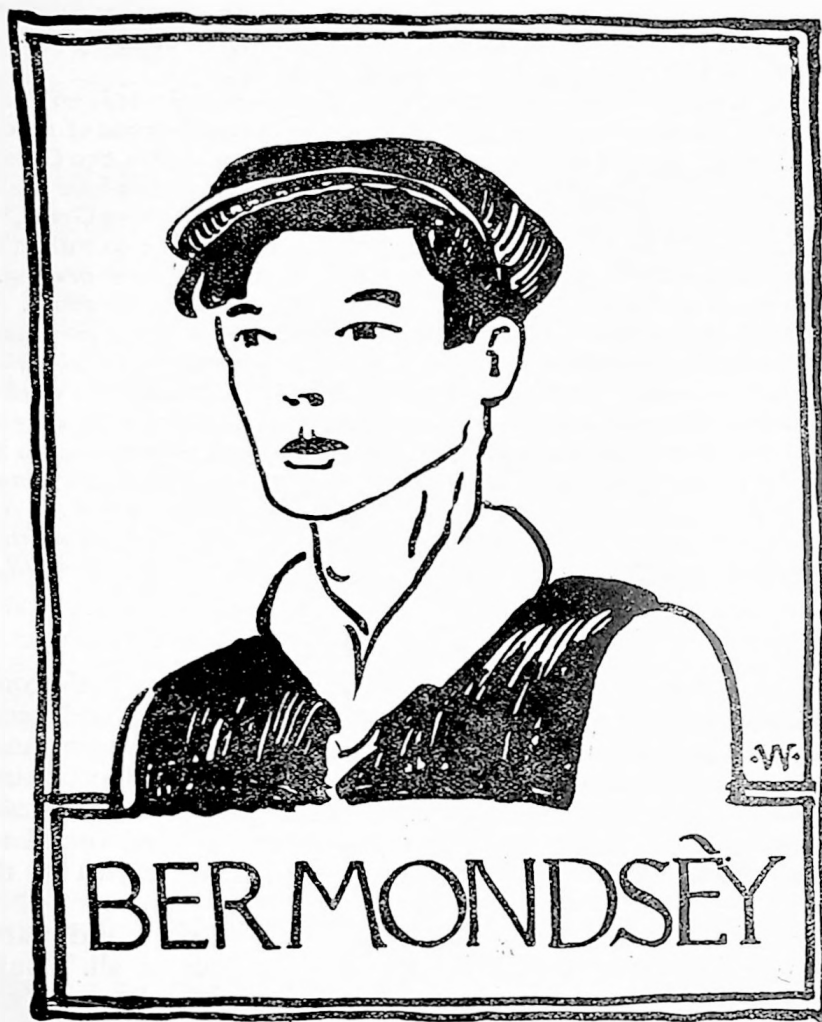
This was our Toc H sermon for Sunday morning, and the little congregation sat very still while Peter touched so surely on the simplest and deepest truth about Toc H. There were very few minutes left for discussion, and then we adjourned to St. Aldate's Church, where TUBBY preached in whimsical and moving words on "pilot fish"—with John the Baptist as the greatest example. In the afternoon TUBBY spoke again, by way of expounding Toc H to the men of St. Aldate's Bible-class. And then, for some, there was tea on the shining river.

The Oxford Conference, owing partly to limits of time and partly to the matter of the chief speakers, was hardly a conference at all. But it was golden time to those who came. It made us think and talk much among ourselves. It was a period of rest, not in the sense of mere somnolence, but of active refreshment of mind and spirit. It was a good deal like that hush at the end of a church service which Tubby, in his morning sermon, compared to the action of the strong swimmer when he turns over and floats with his eyes open and awake and facing the sky. The Master of University, from outside Toc H, and Peter Monie, from his more intimate place, had built up before our eyes big figures of the Toc H man as he is to be. And our background was Oxford itself, Oxford at the moment of midsummer, "complete to the last syllable of beauty." B. B.

*Honorary Toc H padre in the U.S.A. His paper will appear in the JOURNAL in due course.

† From "Missionary Principles: the Place of Prayer." Published by the Oxford Mission to Calcutta. To be had from the General Secretary, Bagley Wood, Oxford. Price 3d.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.—II.



LAST MONTH we printed the first part of Alec Paterson's account of THE DOCTOR, the early struggles of his life, and the foundation and growth of the Oxford Medical Mission (now the Oxford and Bermondsey Club); the rest of the story now follows. It was written in 1910, the year Dr. Stansfeld left Bermondsey. The annual report of the Mission in that year contained the drawing of the Bermondsey club member, made by one of the residents, which is printed here from the original block. This face was commoner in the streets and clubs of Bermondsey fourteen years ago than it is to-day, for the South London boy, no less jolly than he used to be, is better clothed and fed since the War. The drawing was recently used again for the cover of a periodical called "Foundations" (now defunct), produced at Oxford by undergraduates interested in Bermondsey.

THE DOCTOR AS A DOCTOR.

Above all things he is a doctor. The word has always clung to him, and posterity will not know him by any other name. The silk hat and short black coat give him an amazingly brisk and professional appearance; what patient did he ever visit in a bowler or a cap? The quick diagnosis, the confident choice of treatment and the rapid recovery inspire confidence everywhere and might have won him a fortune, had he been content to spend his life trifling with the liver complaints of suburbia. In the Dispensary the Doctor is at his happiest. Four or five different patients stand in odd corners of the surgery. One grips a thermometer tightly between his teeth, while the Doctor taxes him with intemperance, accepts a grunt as a plea of guilty, and pursues the subject with some advantage. In another minute he is thumping the chest of a youth in the middle of the room. A muddled conversation ensues.

"When were you last with us on Sunday? Say ninety-nine."

"Ninety-nine. Well, Doctor, I'm just going to get married, and——"

"Take a deep breath——dress up. Three-thirty on Sunday—three-thirty on Sunday—three-thirty on Sunday."

By this time he has one of the best Mission tablespoons half-way down another boy's throat, asking him with some asperity, between the gurgles, why he has stayed away from the club for two months. Thus do old faces reappear at club and church, for a sore throat brings some of us very near to saintliness.

"I was sick, and ye visited me"—the unspoken chorus of many strong men in Bermondsey when the day came for the Doctor to leave them. There was a Sunday morning years ago when Freddy Davis was at the beginning of those three years of phthisis, which ended with a patient death when he was but fifteen. It was the tenth or twelfth visit that morning (in the middle of a long Sunday programme), lunch was far overdue, his coat was soaked with rain but Freddy was a bright lad in need of help, and the Doctor was in no mood for hurry. Sitting by the bedside he tells an old story about hills and the shepherd, enriching the gospel narrative by fresh details from Horndon, and counting the sheep on Freddy's thin fingers. The boy keeps bright eyes wide open, at the end says, "Yes, Doctor," and begins to cough again. A slight press of a cool hand on his brow, a silence, a quiet "God keep you, my son," and the Doctor is on his feet again. He crams two empty medicine bottles into an overcoat pocket, where a Bible, stethoscope and muffler (for the Doctor has a cold, and has been told at Grange Road that he must take care of himself) are already struggling for their life. In five minutes he is back in the common-room, eating bread and jam with most unwise haste, for there are three people waiting to see him downstairs.

With the Doctor medicine is more than the prevention of pain or the postponing of death; dentistry is not the removal or refilling of teeth, a mere profit and loss account. He has taught Oxford and Bermondsey that the healing of bodies is a great and wonderful sacrament, the gift of Him who at the one time

both forgives sins and loosens the stiff limbs. Every ugly bottle and every dreadful weapon in the Doctor's room has led him to the heart of some boy or man, shown him the inner need and hunger there, and given him the chance to help.

THE DOCTOR AT HORNDON.*

The Doctor had gone down to Horndon for a day's rest. He had some reading to be done. Yet we were not surprised to find him in an old Norfolk and top-boots, digging in "The Triangle" at 6 a.m., planting trees all the morning, visiting sick labourers in the dinner hour, and adorning the wooden huts on the camp-field with stained-glass windows in the afternoon. No doubt it is in the evening that he reads, under a shaded lamp in a corner of that pleasant sitting-room at the farm. Not a bit of it. In the sparest of spare moments the Doctor has been running a men's club in the village, and he and Mrs. Stansfeld will spend the evening there. At evening prayers he will give the same teaching of work and brotherhood that we know in Bermondsey, and then turn home at last, with a couple of visits on the way. Such is the day of rest, after which the Doctor comes back wonderfully refreshed to Bermondsey.

It is not surprising that he should be fond of Horndon, for he found there a desert and called it a convalescent home. Eight years of patience, ingenuity and hard work justified his optimism. Flowers and trees cover the ground, wooden houses and huts have been built by convalescent patients and boys on holiday. A swimming-bath has been dug out of the clay and enlarged many times; a mountain has been raised for sham fights; a wooden castle built with a tower that is the pride of the countryside. Every time that the Doctor walks round these 23 acres, hand in hand with Master Gordon, he is the victim of a new idea. The cost of materials and execution seem for a moment prohibitive, but a second idea flashes upon him just in time to save the first. Some cheap substitute for the ordinary material is discovered, and (as in the days of "The Swiss Family Robinson") a large supply is obtainable from an unsuspected source close at hand. Farmer, botanist and parson; doctor, engineer, builder and civil servant, with a pair of scissors always whipping out at the end of his watch-chain, never without a piece of string, a bandage, a fountain pen, and a match—there is no emergency and no enterprise for which you can catch him unprepared.

At times of camp the Doctor is more ubiquitous than ever. His habit of early rising and his reluctance to sit down more than once within a week gives to the spirit of camp a certain edge or keenness. Has he ever abandoned an expedition because it was too hot, or a picnic because it might rain? What happens if two pieces of paper lie outside a tent, and someone is asleep inside? To him we owe above all the camp ideal of brotherhood. We are never so near being *Fratres* (the much-used motto of our Clubs) as at evening prayers in the old wooden house, when the Doctor pleads that we should all pull together, be

*The Mission's old camping ground in Essex, now superseded by 14 acres in the Weald of Kent.

members one of another, and for a week at least lead "the family life," being merciful to the orchards, the young trees, the rabbits and the birds.

Let it be remembered beyond all this that Horndon was the Doctor's home. Up at the farm the weary camp officer might always be certain of a welcome from Mrs. Stansfeld, half an hour's rest, and the most cheering hospitality. Little was said in print or in public of the hundred camps which she fed, but many an adjutant knew well that she was unique and indispensable. When the Doctor married there were fears that his work might suffer, but those who have been much with him know that without the home life at Grange Road and Gore-ox Farm, he would never have been one half so well and happy.*

THE DOCTOR AT OXFORD.

We were standing in the lodge of the College after "hall," just making up our four, when we were all hustled by a burly creature from the north into his room, where there was much to eat and smoke. We were badly trapped as usual by his pseudo-hospitality, for a fellow who was a doctor in Bermondsey had come to spin the usual yarn about men and money, and we had to stay and listen. The Doctor ate a lot of fruit very quickly (apparently he had not had dinner, which seemed odd) and then talked, sitting on the very edge of his chair and leaning forward, for a very hurried quarter of an hour, after which he ran all the way down the High to catch the *last* train to London. He was amazingly unlike other people, and terribly abrupt in his phrases. We had expected to be asked for half a crown, but he insisted that we should "come and live the crucified life in Bermondsey." We shrank from the words rather: they seemed to push the thing too far. Yet the words stuck, for no one had come and put it like that before. We had heard a good deal about "religious influences," but the Doctor talked about Jesus Christ.

The meeting seemed rather a failure, only seven men there, and none of us at all heroic. Yet oddly enough all seven came to Bermondsey sooner or later, and five became residents.

His attack on Oxford in public or in private has always been daring and direct. Full of guile and diplomacy at all committees is the Doctor, ensnaring the poor bursar into all manner of schemes, which will save money "in the long run," but always open and unqualified when outlining the basis of the Mission. Perhaps he realised that Oxford was a little tired of the jam-pot trick, and would be arrested by an ungloved hand and the simple words of the gospel. This honesty about our purpose has preserved intact the tradition of the place among all its friends, leavened the tone of common-room and committee, and held back the dangers of a purely secular philanthropy.

The Doctor is one of the few gifted men who can be always sociable and yet never smoke. Who has ever seen him eat in silence, or sit moodily in a chair, staring at the ceiling? His habit, essentially an Oxford one, of telling stories against himself, is only a symptom of his relish for the humour of life and mankind. It might be thought that newspapers were outside his interest, but little

* Mrs. Stansfeld died in 1919.

that passes in the world escapes his eye, though when he reads them has never yet been explained. Every form of work catches his attention, no new method escapes his eager search. It is much to have a catholic mind, it is a wonderful possession when it is guided so sternly by a single principle. It is much to have a mind swarming with new ideas ; it is marvellous to see such a mind passionately eager to adapt the ideas of other men.

No Oxford man can be in the Doctor's company for ten minutes without being told off to perform some unaccustomed duty. The Blue must mend punch-balls, the Greats man has to mount a ladder in the public street and paint a notice on some club wall, the Medical Genius will please clean out the dispensary. He never says "thank you," but if a job is well done by any man, another one will be found for him without delay, a little stiffer than the last.

It remains only in the interest of true biography to review his shortcomings. The Doctor can neither dance nor sing, smoke or play bridge, and, alas, he is no longer a layman. Who does not remember his verdict on a famous resident who took orders ? "A splendid fellow, a magnificent worker—but still, you know, he's not a layman, not a layman." Yet even now that the Dr. has become a Rev. we feel that his clerical clothes are a great exaggeration of the facts.

THE TEACHING DOCTOR.

Work, soldiers, brothers : the grind, the fight, the family life. These might well be taken as the Doctor's watch-words, and indeed they are so woven together in his life and person that they form the background of every address, no matter what text or subject has been chosen. When summoned once to speak on Habakkuk without preparation, he stood up and began with conviction : "Now Habakkuk was a soldier. We are all soldiers and ——" His fund of stories shows no sign of diminishing, though it has been heavily taxed in thirteen years. Illustrations are gathered from every quarter, the young trees at Horndon competing with the early martyrs for the place of favourite. The boys have not remembered each separate address, perhaps can recall no particular one, but the three main thoughts running through them all have sunk deep and they know what the Doctor means by "teaching." At the "Exeter" there is a greater emphasis on Consecration, and officers have been taught week by week how stern is the demand for a life of complete devotion. The Exeter Club, meeting at the close of each Sunday, is perhaps the crown of his work. Here he gathered together the leaders of each club, to plead with them for fresh efforts, to learn their difficulties, to strengthen their inner life, in a word, to train them to be pillars of the Church—and very peripatetic ones too.

Yet these addresses are so small a part of the teaching Doctor. Not in gangs or in groups has he persuaded boys to begin again, but one by one and face to face. While cutting up bread and butter at camp, or painting the fences, at each and every visit that he pays, in every old member that he meets on his way from club to club, the Doctor sees his chance. These talks are very short but frequent. He does not lead slowly up to higher things through an ascending scale of games, work and books. It is doubtful if he knows enough of league

football and boxing commonplaces for this more elaborate method. He prefers to fly straight to the point. There are two kinds of life, the higher and the lower. Which is the boy leading? It is these sudden and piercing little interviews which shake a boy up, and stir his very latent powers of self-examination. First, he **must** make a choice between two absolute opposites, black and white, the life for self and the life for Christ. Doctrine will come later.

CONCLUSION.

The sum of it all is a great thankfulness that someone should have come across the river, and laboured so fruitfully for thirteen years. Without him, no O.B.C.; and without the O.B.C. how many lives would lack their present inspiration and purpose; how many commonplace men would have remained so all their lives. Curates in ugly lodgings all over the country proclaim their debt both in spirit and in method to the life and ideals of the Doctor. He is the pride of Oxford laymen, and a great memory among all who have gone abroad.

Can we speak without offence of the value of the Doctor's life? It is his greatest sermon, yet one that is never preached. This above all has changed hearts and awakened love in the coarsest lives. The constancy of his work and sacrifice has taught men something of the sureness of Christ. The absolute certainty of the sick boy that, though it is long past midnight, the Doctor is sure to come is often the beginning of faith in Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

A FINAL NOTE: *When the Doctor left Bermondsey there was no resident to carry on his unique medical work, and so the O.M.M. became the O.B.M. (Oxford and Bermondsey Mission, i.e., a mission to both places alike, not merely of men sent from the first to the second). "In the O.B.M.," wrote Donald Hankey, the "Student in Arms" (who left a Bermondsey camp to join up in August, 1914), "I believe: through it I hope." In that faith 128 members, from Oxford and from Bermondsey alike, fell in action. The boys' clubs were never more needed than during the War and survived it by the tireless work of the few unfit men left behind. After the War came yet another change of name—to O.B.C. (Oxford and Bermondsey Club). This was felt to be the truest description of the life of the place, but it implies no unfaithfulness to the spirit planted there by the Doctor. At the present time four Junior Clubs and one Old Boys' Club are at work. As for "THE DOCTOR," he is still very much alive and is a familiar figure to members of one Toc H branch. The black coat of the Church and the white one of the dispensary are apt to change places on his shoulders with disconcerting frequency, for he is still the beloved physician both of body and soul.*

* * * * *

THE love and deepest sympathy of all Toc H,¹ and especially of northern members, goes out to "Peggy" and Mrs. Lodge in the great tragedy which has befallen them. Their little daughter was so badly burned recently that she died. Face to face with the suffering and death of a child we men, who understand little indeed of the purpose which is behind, can find few words to say. Where words fail, our friendship and our prayers are the only offerings we can make to the two who have to share sorrow and to keep their hearts still high.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MARK V

MARK V looked its best—and that is supremely good—on the afternoon of Friday, June 27. The sun shone on the garden full not only of roses at their fullest, but of happy people. There were three distinct crowds—a hundred or so Toc H members from all sorts of places, many in the blue and grey “uniform” of festivals, who were packed tightly on the veranda of the House, a fine parade of Scouts, Sea Scouts and Cubs—khaki and blue and grey with all manner of scarves and ribbons—who were drawn up on the grass, and the general public who provided a background of summer dresses among the trees behind. Punctually at 3.10, according to schedule, the Patron walked into the centre of the picture and filled it for the next ten minutes. From his lively enjoyment of our greeting you would never have guessed that this was the seventh but not the last event of his day’s visit to Southampton. He was first asked by District Scout-Commissioner Paris, in command of the parade, to present the medal of Merit, awarded by the Chief Scout last March, to Mrs. Eleanor Burton, for good service as Assistant District-Commissioner of Wolf Cubs. Before Mrs. Burton was able to come up to him the Prince was down on the lawn talking to her. He then went into the House and upstairs to the “Scouts’ Room,” where he was to unveil the memorial tablet to 18 Scouts, belonging to seven Southampton troops, who fell in the War. The memorial room has been provided by the subscriptions of local scouts, and Toc H owes much to them and to District-Commissioner Paris as the leading spirit. The brass tablet over the mantelpiece was covered with a small silk Union Jack, and below stood the Lamp ready for the Prince to light. The room itself, with windows wide over the garden, looked as jolly as could well be—even though, as the Padre was heard lamenting at the last minute, the pyjamas on the five beds were not in Toc H colours! The crowd waiting below heard a G blown on the bugle from upstairs, followed by a silence, during which the Patron unveiled the tablet and lit the Lamp. Then, at *Réveillé*, our members broke eagerly through the House and formed a semicircle in the drive on the other side. As the Prince came out he found us practising “Rogerum,” with Tubby as choirmaster. After a word or two with several members he heartily wished us luck and walked away, pursued by our cheers. It was all as informal a formality as we could make it—indeed it was too affectionate and simple a thing to be a formality at all.

LADY BYNG OF VIMY AT MARK III

JUNE 1 was a great night at Mark III—or rather at St. John’s Hall opposite, for the House would not have held a third of the audience which came to hear Lady Byng talk on “Canada.” Harry Willink, as chairman of the branch, took the chair, and Tubby more than filled a spare corner of the platform. Lady Byng captured us all once again, not only by a great charm of voice and manner but by the sureness with which she understands Toc H and is heart and soul in it. There could be no truer demonstration of “the Toc H spirit” than her talks with ex-service farmers’ wives, of which she told us so simply, or the lovely story of Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, the old couple who entertain every steamerload (anything up to 160 people, mainly American tourists) which lands on the Canadian river-bank where their modest wooden house is built. There were many questions afterwards, and an answer about Lord Byng’s work for the Scouts in Canada raised a great cheer. Toc H now, as in its earliest post-war days, has never had better friends than the Governor-General and his wife. The fact that Lady Byng gave us one of the last evenings of her sick-leave in England was characteristic of this fine friendship.

FOR TOC H PARENTS

The Children's Bible, Cr. 8vo, 278 pp., 4s.; *The Little Children's Bible*, Cr. 8vo, 105 pp., 2s. Cambridge University Press. 1924.

DONALD HANKEY once said to me that in his own young experience and in that of some boys with whom he had later had to deal, the most dangerous thing well-meaning vicars had ever done was to put a nicely-bound Bible into a boy's hand and tell him to read it night and morning. "A conscientious boy starts at verse 1 of Genesis and by the time he has got to the middle of Leviticus he is fed up, disappointed, puzzled and angry: it may be the end of his Bible-reading for years." Now this is a problem not only for the parson but for the parent. Many a Toc H father and Toc Emma mother is already up against it. Probably the story of the Gospel is simpler and clearer to children than to most of us grown-ups, for our children have not yet entered upon our struggle to retain the child-like heart which alone can see into the Kingdom of Heaven. But the Old Testament presents even greater difficulty to us as teachers. We simply don't know our way about in it as our grandparents did, and we cannot accept every fact and apply every prophecy with their literal directness. Four courses are open to us—to give a child the complete Bible and let him make what he can of it with little or no help from us; to supply it with a commentary either in our own words (and which of us is not liable to be stumped every fifteen minutes?) or in printed form (O those stupid and evasive notes of my school-books!); to give it in one of the many paraphrases—the stately books with coloured pictures which nowadays have taken the place of the little old *Line upon Line*, with its simple woodcuts, which was one of the joys of my childhood. The Bible story-book in modern words may satisfy little children for some time, but it can never be a substitute for the actual words of the Authorised Version, which are much more direct and more fascinatingly grand to a child's ears than our modern speech. There remains the fourth course of providing a good selection from the narrative and poetry of the Bible, to lift out of their massive and difficult setting the heroic stories and the immortal songs, and let them speak, as they never fail to do, for themselves. This is what the Cambridge University Press has done, entrusting the task to an admirable combination of hands—Professor Nairne, a scholar; Sir A. Quiller-Couch, a fine writer and critic of English; and Dr. T. R. Glover, one of the most lively of interpreters of the sacred story. They are insistent that their selection is in no sense meant to be a substitute for the whole Bible, but rather an introduction which will make young readers long to go further.

The book appears simultaneously in two editions—one (in really large print) intended for children from five to seven years of age, the other for those from seven to eleven. The arrangement of each is ingenious and attractive. The first section of both is "The story of Christmas" (from the Annunciation to the finding in the Temple). They then part company in the order which follows. *The Little Children's Bible* goes on with "Stories that Jesus would learn from His Mother" (from Noah to David), followed by "The Baptism," "The kind deeds of Jesus" (miracles of healing), "Stories told by Jesus" (the Parables), "His Death and Resurrection," "God and His world" (the Lord's Prayer, the Creation, some Psalms of praise, &c.), and "The New Heaven and Earth" (St. John's vision). The edition for older children is fuller and contains naturally more of the definite teaching of Christ. Part I is the "Story of the New Testament," including sections headed "The teaching of Jesus about God" and "The Way of Life" (the Sermon on the Mount, &c.); Part II is called "The Story of His People" (from Noah to Solomon); Part III is "The Song-book of Jesus," and is made up of an excellent choice of Psalms, the Song of the Three Holy Children, and selected passages from Isaiah, "the Prophet of the Gospel." There is an "Epilogue" on "the new Creation"

from Revelation and the Epistles. Even so truncated a list of contents as this will show how lively is the manner in which the three editors have approached their difficult task. The person (aged nine) who ought to be reviewing these books told me this morning that he likes the Old Testament part best because "it's all adventures," but I have noticed him to be a critic of variable mind. Toc H parents, give this thing a trial! Our children will love it. And we ourselves, opening a page here or there when they have gone to bed, may suddenly catch our breath at the glory and the truth of some living word which a droning voice in church had done its best to make long since commonplace to us. B. B.

A BRIGHT IDEA

TUBBY is, of course, expected to have at least one bright idea—like a Scout's good turn—daily. The other day, we understand, he was walking in the street with Horace Flower of Mark III, who pointed to a fleet of Wembley charabancs and said, by way of making conversation, "That's what *we* ought to have for running round the Houses." Result—the following programme:—

Saturday, August 30.—A Toc H party will assemble in London and will board as much motor transport as can be found, won, borrowed or hired. (Four cars are understood to be lent already.) First lap is LONDON-SHEFFIELD, MARK VIII, where supper, beds, breakfast and lunch will be provided.

Sunday, August 31.—Sheffield to HALIFAX, MARK XII. Supper, beds, breakfast.

Monday, September 1.—Halifax to HULL, MARK X. Supper, beds, breakfast.

Tuesday, September 2.—Hull to MANCHESTER, MARK V. Supper, beds, breakfast.

Wednesday, September 3.—Manchester to LEICESTER, MARK XI, *via* Derby and Buxton. Supper, beds, breakfast.

Thursday, September 4.—Leicester to BIRMINGHAM, MARK VI. Supper, beds, breakfast.

Friday, September 5.—Birmingham to BRISTOL, MARK IX. Supper, beds, breakfast.

Saturday, September 6.—Bristol to SOUTHAMPTON, MARK V. Supper, beds, and all Sunday's meals. The fleet will leave Southampton for London on Sunday evening.

The party is open to all members, not merely those of London branches, and also to ladies, but it must necessarily be limited to between forty and fifty. Names of men should be sent to HORACE FLOWER, MARK III, and of ladies to Miss MACFIE, at the office of the L.W.H., MARK I, at the earliest possible moment. Applications for inclusion in the Touring Party can only be accepted on the understanding that it is a definite guarantee for the financial share in the conveyance. Sleeping accommodation and meals will be paid for by the tourists at each house during the journey. It is estimated that the approximate travelling cost will not be more than £4 per head. The Touring list will close *Tuesday, August 12*.

THE CROWBOROUGH WEEK-END

The dates are July 12-13 (not 13-14 as stated in the June JOURNAL, p. 158).

Train to Tunbridge Wells from Charing Cross 2.40 p.m., or from London Bridge 2.48 p.m. 'Bus from Tunbridge Wells to Crowborough. The return fares are—Train 5s. 6d., 'bus 2s. There are no other expenses, and all necessities are provided. The Programme is as follows:—

Saturday, July 12.—6-8 p.m. Speakers on "Christianity and War."

Sunday, July 13.—Early services arranged; 11 a.m.—1 p.m.—General discussion on "Christianity and War" (those coming are asked, if possible, to study the C.O.P.E.C. report on the subject); Afternoon—recreation. Return (probably) from Tunbridge Wells 6 p.m., arriving Charing Cross 6.52 p.m.

There are still a few vacancies. Names should be sent, as soon as possible, to E. P. Field, Fordcombe Vicarage, Tunbridge Wells.

NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

BELFAST.—Preparations for the first regular Toc H supper in Belfast—in memory of the Somme battles on July 1, 1916, to be followed next night by a concert in hospital, are completed. Our motor-car fleet for disabled soldiers numbers nine. Plans have been made by which regular parties go to cinemas and other shows, and we have arranged that they be looked after at a Cenotaph ceremony on the 1st. Efforts have been made to start a Playground Association, and girl guides among others were to be mobilised. An American lady has been indefatigable, and two-hundred youngsters turned up the first week. To-day the park is “closed during alterations,” so we must seek out some other channel. It is calculated that we have about thirty active members. A stranger coming in to our meetings would think sometimes that it was a Board of Directors. “What do I do?” asked a puzzled visitor. Nothing, said his neighbour. He joined however before the meeting was over. A concert at the Reformatory last Friday gave great delight. After the supper on the first there will be a musical programme. Business is ruled out. We want a Lamp, and must soon send a petition.

BIRMINGHAM.—The St. Dunstan's camp referred to last month took place near Stratford-on-Avon, and save for doubtful weather for the first day or two was an unqualified success. Some twenty-one St. Dunstaners were able to attend, and a varied programme of field sports, walking, swimming, boating, indoor games and sing-songs kept things going with a swing. Oogaf, as Camp Commandant, had the assistance of five members, *mais on dit* that if the branch had only known that certain very charming V.A.D. nurses were also co-operating, as only they can, the number would have been much greater! The thanks of the branch are certainly due to Miss Hodgson for giving us the opportunity of joining in such a venture. Tubby blew in on June 20, after a few hours' notice, to meet a goodly crowd. Although he left us at the comparatively early hour of 12.15 a.m. we regret to hear that he was marooned on the road by a breakdown for some hours.

PETER.

BRISTOL.—The outstanding event of the month was, of course, the Western Conference, a report of which appears elsewhere. It may, however, be mentioned here that on the Monday morning Tubby fell into a tan pit. He was rescued by Ingle Gotch and Guy Pittman, and we hope was not oversalted. We should like to state how pleased we were to see so many members from other branches, with special mention of the strong detachment from Bath. At Whitsun we managed to achieve a camp for twelve poor kiddies from the City. This was splendidly run by Nicholls and Holmes. The nippers had the time of their lives. It is hoped that we may be able to start a boys' club, as suggested by Leslie Newth at the last meeting, with these lads who now know us as the nucleus. On Friday, the 20th, was held our Annual General Meeting. Stanley Hill, who has done yeoman service for Mark IX as chairman for the last two years, has been compelled, for health reasons, to resign. We all wish him a speedy and complete recovery, and hope ere long to see him back in the fray with his old energy and push. As his successor we have G. M. Orr, whom we are certain will carry us buoyantly through the coming year. Other “officers” elected were:—Warden, O. M. Brown; Jobmaster, Guy Pittman; Secretary and Treasurer, W. S. Gange. During the summer (if any) our meetings are to be at sundry spots in the country on the first Thursday in each month. Normal Guest-nights will be resumed the first Thursday in October.

W. S. G.

CHELTENHAM.—Nicholson of Bristol came to us on June 6 and talked on “The Re-making of Asia.” We had not seen him since the very early days of the branch at the Spinning Wheel, to whose hospitable rooms we have now returned. Close quarters are an advantage.

for it is impossible not to be pally with a chap when one shares his chair. On June 14 Courtney, Frank Urwin and Thomas went to Bristol, and June 21 three of us to Oxford for the Conferences. Tubby's triumphant progress up the river in a punt was only equalled by his ride to the station in a side-car, with luggage and Cheltenham on top of him. On June 23 our XI played Dean Close School, a sporting match notable for the stand made by Hardy and Hubbard. Jewell declared at 112 for six wickets and the School then beat us. Dr. Flecker entertained the team to supper afterwards, a cheery evening. On the following night Reggie Gardner talked to the branch on St. John's Ambulance, which is doing splendid work, aided by two of our members, in Cheltenham. On June 28 Thomas trekked to Southampton to represent Branch 2 at the Prince's visit. We are asking members to roll up at Dean Close ground during August to help Jewell with the Club boys' cricket, and on Saturday afternoons to look after certain disabled brothers in St. Martin's. Will other branch secretaries advise Billy Clarke at once of men or boys moving from their areas to Cheltenham? E. C. G.

COVENTRY.—We are having rather a busy time here. On June 21 we presented a tableau in the Centenary Lifeboat Procession, and about a dozen of us walked, crawled, and ran with the procession, collecting for the Lifeboat Fund. On July 5 we are doing a tableau in a big hospital procession and carnival, and in the evening running a side-show in the park. During the week-ends we have a Toc H Camp about 10 miles out, and during August we shall have some boys out there. Our Toc H room reminds one of a theatrical show, for it has been lent to the Hospital Carnival Committee, and contains all kinds of weird get-ups (not to mention people). Later on in the year we are organising a big sports' fête, embracing all C.L.B., Cadets, Scouts, &c., round Coventry.

Meetings : Every Friday at 8 p.m., 24, Bishop Street, Coventry.

HAL.

DEESIDE AND DISTRICT.—Tubby came to us one wet night in May, and with Pat's help released greater Toc H energy on Deeside. At the gathering we received an appeal to "run" a Children's Playground—sadly wanted here. Our chief drawback is that there is no recognised playground, but we are going further into the matter. We have started what we anticipate will turn out to be "the goods"—a Junior Cycling Club. Five boys a few weeks ago is now three times as strong in number, and all are keen on camping in August. Here, then, is an opportunity to get going a really good thing for boys, and camp preparations are being made rather hastily, but very earnestly. The Toc Emmas organised a Jumble Sale last month and handed over to us a nice sum towards our "Headquarters"—which will now be needed for the Boys' Club this winter. A Bazaar, Garden Fête, Flag Day and other odd jobs have recently received our support, and we are helping with a Carnival this month (July). Our thanks to Meldix for his carnival tips.

FLUFF.

DERBY.—At the moment of writing Derby members are preparing for the Hospital Day on July 5. We are to array ourselves as Indians, nurses, orientals, fairies, &c., and to pay special attention to motor traffic. All roads through the town will be patrolled, and the Daimler Dame and Straker Squire, after being held up by our "flying squads," will be given a label and allowed to proceed unmolested from that point. It is our first public appearance in Derby and should make us known to citizens—and to the police. The cricket team has won two matches!

DENIS G.

DEWSBURY.—June has been rather a slack month for Tochonites here. On the 5th we held a business meeting at which we received an official invitation from the Ministry of Labour to appoint a Toc H representative to serve on the re-constituted Dewsbury Juvenile Advisory Committee. Dr. Merson, our President, was chosen. On June 19 we entertained our old friends of the Huddersfield Branch, and had a fine discussion, Taylor leading off in his admir-

able style. On July 12 we are invited to the Commemoration Day festival at the House of the Resurrection, Mirfield (of which Father Talbot is head), and look forward to a great day.

Meetings : July 17, August 7, at 8 p.m., at the Temperance Hall, Corporation Street.

EXETER.—During the past month our Padre christened Bill Young and Roger Michelmor in our Branch Chapel, an event without parallel in this ancient church since 1891, and unique in our history. Fifty-six people connected with Toc H, including six of our club boys, sat down to tea beforehand and ten more members rolled up afterwards. The monthly meeting resolved itself, after "Light" and "Initiation," into a jumble sale working party. A collection of goods (varying from a stove to lingerie) was sorted and priced, and next evening realised a substantial total. Every week-end during the summer a party of eight boys and two officers from our Boys' Club will go to the J.O.C. Camp at Dawlish Warren. Any visiting member is most welcome—but must bring his own rations!

Meetings : July 3, social evening to meet Barkis in Heavitree Vicarage garden (by invitation of the Padre), service at 7.15 in Heavitree Church; July 17, usual branch meeting at the Y.M.C.A., service in St. Martin's Church at 7.15.

EGGIE.

GLASGOW.—Little or nothing has been heard from this branch for two or three months, but the visit of a well-known Sassenach from the distant suburb of London cannot go unrecorded. After speaking to fourteen boys' schools in Glasgow in four days, in preparation for the "Boys' Week" which is to take place in October, Barkis received a great welcome from the branch on June 12. To our joy, George McLeod, future Scottish Padre, travelled from the Far East (Edinburgh) for the occasion. Barkis, having got the usual insults to Scotsmen off his chest, went on to compare the present inadequate conditions of life for the youth of Glasgow with his vivid dream of what might be. There was not one of us who was not stirred by his appeal to work for a new state of things. George McLeod delighted us by announcing that he was coming to take up his job in September, and appealed to us to back him up in showing the sceptics that Toc H is a living and growing body. The meeting then became even less formal, and we carried on animated discussions about all manner of jobs and difficulties until 11.30 p.m. We want to tell our friends across the Border that we are running a standing camp for members in ideal surroundings about ten miles outside the city. English members who want a splendid—and cheap—holiday are urged to write at once for ground-space: there will be a big run on it.

BUNNY.

GRANTHAM.—The Group has been busy again this month. On June 6 R. Grant should have visited us; he was ill and "Peggy" Lodge came instead to a most useful meeting of members and friends. Then came our first public appearance—a Missionary Festival held in the Vicarage garden. Among the stalls was one with a large Toc H card on the front which caused many inquiries. Our stall had a twofold object—to help to keep disabled soldiers employed at the Church Army industrial centre, and to hand over a balance to the S.P.C.K.

GEORGE.

HALIFAX.—Our new Jobmaster is getting into his stride. He has already sent us a four-barrelled circular by post and is known to be weighing up individuals. During the summer we look forward to seeing all our neighbours. Special note should be made of the proposed Toc H Social Week-end, due late in August or early in September. Saturday will be given over to a Grand Garden Party, open to the public—if any—on payment of a small fee for the chance of treading the turf of a member of the "squared upper circle." On Sunday there will be an early service and a conference (unofficial); one suggestion to hand is a discussion on "the squaring of the lower circles"—an old theme under a new name.

Meetings : July 5, visit to Huddersfield Branch; July 9, Flag Day for Hull Seamen;

July 19, Family Garden Party ; July 29, visit to Leeds Branch ; August 23, Ramble to Castle Carr ; August 30 or September 6 or 13, Big Week-end. AVKC 'EM.

HUDDERSFIELD.—Our Treasurer has long been going around with a brow "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and it was felt by all that something drastic ought to be done about that adverse balance of tuppence-ha'penny. So a garden-party was arranged to provide funds for the impecunious branch ; Colonel Broadbent kindly lets us make a battlefield of his garden for the day. Birkmire is to give an address to the merry-makers. During the month now ended we have been descending in great numbers upon our brother branches, and two delightful evenings were spent at Halifax and Dewsbury, the latter visit being marked by a highly stimulating, if involved, discussion on "spirituality." Birkmire has been looking us up again, and very pleased we were to see him. J. W. D.

LEICESTER.—A full report of the first East Midland Conference, held at Mark X, appears elsewhere in the JOURNAL. On June 18, Capt. O. W. Hind, of the Boys' Brigade and Daykin Street Boys' Club, Nottingham, gave us some very useful advice out of his long experience. On June 25, Osborne, one of our new hostellers, talked to us on "Christianity and the Individual." On June 4 we had a very welcome visit from Mus to inspect our accounts. He spent a night at Mark XI, as did Mr. Widdows, father of our new Secretary, "Widdy," who takes the place of "Greaso," the man to whom so much of our success is due. We have arranged cricket for our Boys' Club, and have secured for them from the City Cleansing Department the sole use of the swimming-bath for an hour a week. The month has added to the House several promising new hostellers, and to the garden a nine-hole miniature golf-course !

Meetings : July 12, Summer Outing to Belvoir, to meet Sleaford, Lincoln, Grantham and Nottingham ; July 16, talk on C.O.P.E.C. ; July 30, Sing-song. PERKY.

LONDON : MARK I.—This note must cover May and June. On May 7, H. M. Abrahams, the famous Cambridge athlete, came in the middle of his training to talk on "Athletics, the Olympic Games, and the future." His repartee specially delighted us. To someone who asked what was the secret of his success in jumping, he replied : "Five years' hard labour and no option." On May 28 W. B. Hilton, of the Y.M.C.A., spoke on "Boys' work in Burmah," and illustrated his talk by excellent slides and a fine collection of curios. On June 18 Padre Hayes spoke on "The Moslem in Egypt." The absence of Mathew, the Warden, on sick leave makes a serious gap in the House.

Meetings : July 9, Branch Committee ; July 16, General Branch Meeting. S. B. C.

[*Ed. Note.*—We take this opportunity of apologising sincerely to Mark I for omitting to mention in the June number, p. 152, that they have also been helping St. Francis Mission, Selukwe, for at least four years.]

LONDON GROUPS.—There are two new groups reporting this month, viz. : (1) *Chelsea*, which started on May 26 with a crowd of twenty at Padre "Flamingo's" house in the Chelsea Royal Hospital. At present the group meets every Friday to get to know each other, and each member may bring one friend. (2) *Norwood and Sydenham* has held two meetings, the first with eleven present, cheered on by Charlie Thompson, the second (thirty-four present) addressed by Beresford Ingram, chairman of the Brothers' House (Mark XIII), and Wilkinson of Islington. The chairman is Col. Ian M. Campbell, commanding the 8th Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, T.F., and the Padre, Rev. T. C. Edwards, late Chaplain in Palestine. Work has already begun—a concert at St. Saviour's Almshouses, help for two bazaars, for Boys' Club sports, the Scouts and after-care work. The group is also running a summer camp for boys from the middle of August, and will be glad to take boys recommended. There is a group service at Christ Church, Gipsy Hill, on July 2, and a ball in aid of group funds on July 18 (Royal Crystal Palace Hotel, 9 p.m. Tickets 5s. 6d. single, 10s. 6d. double, from the group

Secretary). So says "Pip,"—and "Squeak" adds that the local Toc Emmas meet for the second time on July 2 at 74, Central Hill, Upper Norwood.

Of the other London Groups, *Bromley* reports an address on May 2, by Rev. R. R. Hyde, of the Industrial Welfare Association; on May 16, by J. D. O'Kelly, on the Duke of York's Camp; on May 29, by W. S. Turner, Scout Commissioner and the new Secretary of the Group. On June 13 Alex. Birkmire paid an unexpected visit. *Hammersmith* is holding fortnightly meetings until September 17 when they are to start a "big push" for new members. The Mayor of Hammersmith has just joined and will be a great asset to them. On July 26 at 8 p.m. the group holds a Flannel Dance in the Town Hall for its funds (tickets 2s. 6d. from the Secretary). *Lewisham* now has a membership of fifty-six. On May 28 the "Tic Tocs" Concert Party gave a most successful show in St. Mark's Parish Hall for the group funds. On June 13 Padre "Hutch" blew in from Woolwich and appealed for help in his job with boys. On June 21 the Mayor of Lewisham "sat on a hard bench and drank coffee" with them; he promised and asked for help. *Wimbledon* reports "all's well!" Members went away together, tramping and camping, at Easter and Whitsun, and are now wrestling with problems connected with a vigorous Autumn programme.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—The group's efforts have now provided the Boys' Club with a reconstructed stage, a partitioned reading room, a new entrance and parts of a new fence round the property ("amorous affinities," don't lean! It sticks). Man power has also been expended on an outing of the Cripples' Guild, a sale of work for the Girls' Club, &c. The Group Concert Party prepares in secret for an eventual explosion. We owe much to the casuals from Mark XI for advice and help.

RAJAH.

MAESTEG.—We had the luck to see and hear Barkis on June 16, though we suspect he thought us something like the nigger's giraffe—"no sech animile." We connected—somewhat vociferously—with Cardiff on June 25, but owing to unfortunate phutting of staff arrangements (like 'is nime, Sa'nt Major) there were fewer of the Cardiff crowd to meet us than we would have liked. Curiously enough our Rugger display down one of the streets of the "metrop-poliss of the Princi-pal-it-ty" (cf. any Aldermanic effusion) coincided with the decision of the W.R.U. to adopt a new method of selection for the Welsh team. Whereafter some burbling and the walking of the initiation plank by a few more of our breed of hill toughs.

YR HEN BLWYF.

NORTH STAFFS.—Here we are again—after long silence! Oogaf and his merry men from Mark VI came over on May 26 to rouse up our branch, and we had a very inspiring evening. June 13 saw an inspection of local Toc H members by the Prince of Wales, who was visiting Hanley. Eleven of us paraded and each had a handshake and a few words. GUNNER.

NORTHWICH.—We are tremendously grateful for our new quarters in Navigation Road, and hope to sail the ship of Toc H now to some purpose. Our Lamp Dedication service went off splendidly. Pat preached on letting our light shine, and Dr. Gough, who gave the Lamp in memory of his two sons, is a little, lovable kind of man, a real light among us. We still carry on with wheeling out the bath-chair cases on Sunday mornings, and it would be hard to say if they or we enjoy it most. Meetings continue weekly.

H. E.

WIMBORNE.—Having been invited to Mark V to greet the Prince of Wales, we of Darzet turned out, a dozen strong, wi' rare voine voices to chear an' zing thickee wunnerful zong—"Rogerum." What an inspiration it was for a little squad like ours to see for the first time the House, and the Lamp, the Padre, Tubby, Pat, Barkis and many more, who had been dream-men out of the pages of the JOURNAL, and to feel that we too were part of this g

G. M.

THE POCKET GUIDE TO TOC H

TALBOT HOUSE was founded at Poperinghe on December 15, 1915, and its daughter House at Ypres in 1917. It was named in memory of Gilbert Talbot, Lieut., Rifle Brigade, who fell at Hooge. "Toc H" is merely the Army signallers' pronunciation of T.H. = Talbot House.

Its Objects, expressed in the "Four Points of our Compass," are:—

I To open a series of self-supporting branches throughout the country for the fostering of a new spirit between man and man.

II To establish a Headquarters Club in London and like Open Houses in each great city, whence the elder may serve the younger, and the friendly the lonely.

III To bring the expert to the group, to hear him and ask him questions; to listen hospitably and humbly to Everyman's story, and to help the truth to prevail.

IV To spread the Gospel without preaching it.

Its Organisation, since the beginning, has been that of the *Family*. The Toc H House is the home of a working brotherhood of differently-situated but like-minded men, and the rallying-point of other members in the district. The *BRANCH*, which by the Royal Charter of Incorporation (1922) is made the working unit of Toc H and exercises wide powers of self-government, meets regularly for the purpose of binding its members together in fellowship and social service. It holds from the Central Executive, a bronze "Lamp of Maintenance" as the symbol of its life. The *GROUP* is a body of membership in a probationary stage and desirous of achieving the status of a Branch. Finally, there are a number of *GENERAL MEMBERS* in London, throughout the country, and scattered overseas, who are as yet unattached to any Branch or Group, but who sympathise and serve in whatever way they can. For the purposes of representation on the Central Council, the General Members in London and in the rest of the country are deemed to form two Branches. Women are not eligible for Toc H membership, but can join an auxiliary body, the *LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS* (L.W.H.).

Its Government is in the hands of a Central Council consisting of the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Trustees, Hon. Treasurer and elected representatives, not exceeding one hundred in number, of the Branches in the United Kingdom. The Central Executive, which meets monthly, is appointed by the Central Council at its annual meeting in April.

Its Membership consists of men from the age of 16 upwards. Applicants for membership require to be proposed and seconded by members and formally elected.

Its Subscription is a *minimum* of 5s. in places where a Toc H House is open; in all other places a *minimum* of 2s. 6d.

All enquiries with regard to membership, literature, &c., and *donations or subscriptions*, should be addressed to the Registrar, 123, St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

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 " III.—148 York Road, London, S.E.1
 " IV.—Gartness, Victoria Park, Manchester
 " V.—The Firs, Bassett, Southampton
 " VI.—71 Newhall Street, Birmingham
 " VII.—15 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1

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 " IX.—29 St. Paul's Road, Clifton
 " X.—Clarendon House, Hull
 " XI.—44 Princess Road, Leicester
 " XII.—Shaw Royd, Halifax, Yorks
 " Brothers' House.—119 Kennington Park Road, S.E.11
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